

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME III
NUMBER 10

APRIL 17, 1930

FIVE CENTS

E A S T E R

by DENE DENNY

My world was flat.
Entombed
I lay.
Little hearing.
Little seeing.
Left and right
Were matter-gods:
Birth.
Ancestors, superstitions.
Sicknesses.
Terrors.
Death.
Ways of doing
That sealed me in quite,
As rocks, with weight intolerable.
No way out, I said,
The end inevitable?
NO!
Whence come these thoughts
Like sun-rays illuming?
How thought without thought-Cause?
Upward I looked,
I saw a glory.
Look backward! Down!
Beware the rocks!
It is the law!
Conscious of that light above
I looked not back.
Hearing.
Seeing.
"Awake! Arise!"
"Before Abraham was, I AM!"
Suddenly there were no rocks,
No tomb,
No powers to maze perception clear,
Nor dull into forgetfulness
The gleam of light.
My world was one of Thought,
Life its essential law.

Linoleum block by Hazel Watrous



Paul F. Lander
Drawer 2

Carmel News

CITY ELECTION

As chronicled in The Carmelite special bulletins and "extra," issued and on the streets within twenty minutes after the last vote had been counted, Miss Clara N. Kellogg, Herbert Heron and John B. Jordan were the victorious candidates in last Monday's election to fill vacancies on the City Council. The fifteen thousand dollar bond issue for additional fire fighting apparatus carried by a vote of four hundred ten in favor and one hundred eleven against.

Mr. Sam Miller, not a candidate, received one vote.

Excitement was caused by the close finish between Mr. Catlin and Mr. Jordan, the latter winning by a scant eight votes. The large vote brought out afforded an index to the extent of public feeling concerning the vacancies on the Council and the importance of adequate fire protection.

The newly elected members will be inducted into office at a meeting in the town hall on Monday evening, April twenty-first.

The tabulated vote:

	"A"	"B"	
Heron	129	246	375
Miss Kellogg	96	233	339
Jordan	125	169	294
Catlin	108	178	286
Wetzel	75	92	167
Norton	58	84	12

Fire Bonds:

For	156	254	410
Against	44	67	111

As an interesting comparison, the results of the 1928 election are reproduced:

Bonham	185
Mrs. Rockwell	179
Foster	151
Dennis	128
Hoagland	96
Catlin	78
Watson	67
Short Term:	
Gottfried	260
Wright	196

THE CARMELITE CASE

The case of Watson *vs.* Coughlin *et al* has been set for hearing in the Superior Court on Thursday, May fifteenth.

CARMEL ART GALLERY

Owing to delay in electrical installation, the new art gallery in the Seven Arts building will not be opened until later this week. The gallery is to be run in connection with the art and stationery store operated by the Herons.

HIGHLANDS AND VALLEY CENSUS DATES

Residents of Carmel Valley and the Highlands have been telephoning and writing Carmel census enumerators to the effect that they are being left out of the count.

The enumerators have until April thirtieth to complete the check of outlying districts. A general process of rechecking is scheduled for Carmel, and work on outside districts will begin immediately thereafter. The local census limit was supposed to terminate yesterday, but additional time has been granted in order that a complete enumeration may be had.

LAST OF THE SEMINARS

Last night marked the conclusion of Preston Search's seminar evenings for the present season. Professor Search, who attained the venerable age of seventy-seven last week, has, through his seminars, shared with Carmel the gleanings of a life-time devoted to classical study.

NEARING COMPLETION

Mr. Ray DeYoe, recently returned from a trip to Mexico, states that the new DeYoe building on Ocean avenue probably will be ready for occupancy by June fifteenth. The building will consist of shops facing a central court, and is to have professional offices upstairs.

MONA MONA

"Elsie and Eleanor," sisters, are serving luncheons, dinners and teas in the Mona Mona building. The girls plan to install booths and otherwise remodel the interior of the tea room.

NEW SHOP IN PINE INN

The "Billie Trott" Shop in the new addition to Pine Inn was opened last week.

Green tile and timbers play an important part in the decorative scheme of this newest of Carmel shops. "Billie Trott," with shops in Santa Barbara, San Francisco and Honolulu, specializes in the designing and making of original and individual wear for women.

OLD ARTS FOR NEW

Wurzel's Antique Shop moves this week to the quarters formerly occupied by the Seven Arts Press. Their present shop on Dolores street will not be abandoned, but used as a storehouse and workroom. The new quarters in the Seven Arts building have been renovated and re-decorated by Herbert Heron, the contractor being Percy Parkes.

THE CARMELITE, APRIL 17, 1930

EASTER AT THE CHURCHES

Carmel Mission:

Mass at eight.

High Mass at ten.

* * *

All Saints Church

Good Friday: Three-hour services will be held from twelve noon to three

Easter Day: The Holy Communion at 7:30, a short service without music. Church School Celebration at 9:30 a. m. to which all are invited.

Easter Festival Service at 10:30:

Processional Hymn, *Adeste Fidelis*

"Gloria Patria," Dupuis

"Christ Our Passover," Dupuis

Psalm 118, Lesson St. Matthew, Chapter 28, Verse 1-10.

Jubilate, Woodward.

Introit Hymn 173

Kyrie, from Gounod's Mass in G

Epistle, Colossians 3,1-10

Gloria Tibi, Anon.

Gospel from Saint John, Twentieth Chapter, Verse 1-10

Hymn 176

Sermon: "The Quest of Immortality."

Offertory Anthem.

"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from Handel's "Messiah"

Sanctus, Garrett

Gloria in Excelsis, an old chant

Recessional Hymn, 193

* * *

Community Church

The Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw, Minister

Easter Morning Worship, 11:00 o'clock

Prelude of Easter Chimes and Cathedral Organ

Pastoral Prayer and Recitation of "Our Father"

Baritone Solo by Mr. Victor M. Bain

Easter Response and Gloria Patria

New Testament episode of the Resurrection

"Festival Te Deum," sung by Trinity Choir and reproduced by the Victor system.

Subject of Sermon: "The Spiritual Significance of the Resurrection Appearances."

Doxology, and Saint Margaret's Chimes (recorded)

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

APRIL CALENDAR

Meetings are at Girl Scout House unless otherwise indicated.

23 Book Section, 10:00

24 Garden Section, home of Mrs. Elizabeth K. Elliott, The Point, 10:00

29 Bridge Section, 2:00

30 Current Events Section, 10:00

Choral Auxiliary meets every Tuesday night at Girl Scout House, 7:30.

Around Town

AT HOME

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis will receive informally at her new home, Casa Querida, San Antonio at Ninth, on Sunday afternoon. There are to be no invitations.

* * *

Lewis Browne, author of "That Man Heine," "This Believing World" and other volumes, is at Highlands Inn.

* * *

Mrs. Ida Mansfield Wilson, who has been in Oakland for the greater part of the past year, has returned to her Carmel studio. She is to lecture at Unity Center next Sunday, April twentieth, her subject being "World of Reality."

* * *

Dr. Frank Riley, who has spent the past year in Carmel, writing, lecturing and conducting classes at Unity Center, has gone to Oakland. After a brief stay in the north, he will return to Carmel to arrange his affairs preparatory to removing to Hollywood for permanent residence.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Root Kern of Chicago, known throughout the educational world for her music work with children, was the guest on Wednesday at a tea given in her honor by Mrs. Oliver Marble Gale at Galewood in the Eighty Acres.

Mrs. Kern was for many years identified with the University of Chicago where she had charge of primary music in the Experimental School of the School of Education, associated first with John Dewey and later with Col. Parker and other famous educators. The success of her researches in the teaching of monotonies has brought her wide recognition as the originator of a method for overcoming this musical defect in children. Her songs for children which appear in the various widely used music series brought out in recent years are amongst the best musical literature for children which this country has produced.

Mrs. Kern's family has been identified with the musical life of Chicago for nearly a century. Her father was George F. Root, most famous perhaps in music for his Civil War songs: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp;" "Battle Cry of Freedom;" "The Vacant Chair" and others; but best known in history for his pioneer work in establishing music as a subject in the curriculum of public education. The family tradition was also carried on by Mrs. Kern's brother, Frederick W. Root, himself a composer and

active throughout a long career in musical Chicago where he was for years a leading organist. Other members of this interesting family are Clara Louise Burnham, the novelist, Charles T. Root of New York City, publisher and philanthropist, and Josephine Kern, the sculptor, who is Mrs. Kern's daughter. Mrs. Kern is spending a few months with her son, Herman Root Kern, who came to Carmel last fall with his wife and son, Spencer, who has been attending the Sunset School.

Among those invited to meet Mrs. Kern were Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Miss Clara Kellogg, Mrs. Vera Millis, Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Mrs. George Seideneck, Dr. Amelia L.

Gates, Miss Mary E. Bulkeley, Mrs. O. W. Bardarson and Miss Ruth Huntington.

LESSONS IN ITALIAN

Orrick Johns proposes to start a small class in elementary Italian. Those desiring to join such a class are requested to write him at
Post Office Box 1157
Carmel

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NEXT TO BANK

OCEAN AVENUE

CARMEL

RONNY JOHANSSON DANCES

Satire and irony are masks, veiling tragedy. When a nation or a race adopts mask dancing, as a religious ceremony or in the theatre, that nation is usually hiding a dying human emotionalism.

Ronny Johansson's moods are her masks. After seeing the Swedish dancer's gifted performances at the Carmel Playhouse and the Theatre of the Golden Bough, it is not at all difficult to understand her success in the capitals of Europe. Vienna, Prague and Budapest are laughing their way through the aftermath of the war. Ronny Johansson's ironic mod-

ern interpretations have in those centers found their greatest acclaim. Her gay art laughs with them.

In the mechanized dances, she is a master of sophisticated insincerity. Without exactly abandoning the humanities, even in the most puppet-like numbers, she interjects them—through moods of satire—as tragically rejected, still struggling emotions.

Her Javanese impressions at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Sunday were of a different order than anything given at the Playhouse. Grace, fluidity, and sympathy for native rhythm marked this performance as outstanding. The Javanese dances were done to authentic music arranged by Seelig, and served better than anything else to mark the versatility of the dancer.

Granting the dancer grace, skill and humor, her genius seems to rest in sympathetic mockery. Throughout her dances, even in the waltzes and polkas, lightly and delicately done, one sensed tragedy glossed over by abstraction. She mirrored a mechanized grace of the future, which, coming at a time when naturalness appears fading from the scene, was more or less a portent of a changing modern standard of grace and rhythm.

ACCIDENT

Carrol Sandholt, who is to take part in the Easter oratorio Saturday night, was slightly injured Sunday while trying to put out an automobile blaze near his home. Mr. Sandholt, in an effort to reach extinguishing apparatus, kicked out the window of the blazing machine, cutting his foot in the process.

THE CARMELITE, APRIL 17, 1930

BOOKINGS FOR THE CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

Coming events at the Carmel Playhouse are announced as follows:

Saturday, April nineteenth: Oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ."

Sunday, April twenty-seventh: Vasia Anikeeff, assisted by the San Francisco Balalaika Orchestra and Russian singers and dancers.

Saturday, May third: Ben Legere, reading of "Spread Eagle."

May thirtieth, thirty-first and June first: The Reginald Travers Repertory Company; plays to be announced later.

WALDVOGEL EMBROIDERIES AT GALLERY

Miss Emma Waldvogel and Miss Ellen Hadden exhibited their modern art embroideries from the Waldvogel Studio, Monterey, at the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Saturday afternoon.

Table linens of modulated colors, wall hangings almost like tapestries, and brilliant dress embroideries were importantly represented in the showing. Most striking design and color compositions, for which the Waldvogel embroideries are noted, were features of the exhibit.

Some of the Ralph Jonhnot color studies, reproduced under the direction of Miss Waldvogel and Miss Hadden, showed remarkable effects. Close-relation color work is a high-point of the Waldvogel display. One-color changing effects are achieved through design-lights and darks, form-outlines and depth.

The richness and color of these modern embroideries make for decorative use outside their regular field of utility. It is creative work, and accepted as such, principally because the embroideries are really created by Miss Waldvogel and Miss Hadden—planned as to design and color—before reaching their five assistants. Even then some of the detail is so delicate that constant supervision is required.

Brightness, richness and modern design made this personally supervised showing a welcome event to Carmel. The gallery carries a regular display of Waldvogel work, upon which constant interested comment is made by visitors.

On Saturday afternoon, from two to five, Miss Waldvogel will again be in the Gallery, and invites the public in to view her pre-Easter exhibit.

[AS REQUIRED BY POSTAL REGULATIONS]
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Easter Lilies

Cut Flowers
Plotted Plants
Floral Pieces
Small Plants

Chas. A. Watson

4th & San Carlos
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THE SEVEN LAST WORDS OF CHRIST

AN ORATORIO BY THEODORE DUBOIS

100 ————— CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA ————— 100

Directed by Fenton Foster

Assisted by Mrs. Arthur Kelley, Soprano; Mr. Carroll G. Sandholdt, Tenor; Mr. Samuel L. Ethredge, Baritone.

SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 19, 1930, AT 8 P. M.

IN CARMEL PLAYHOUSE, MONTE VERDE STREET

For Boy Scouts Building Fund
Tickets, 75c

ALSO FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 18, 1930, AT 8 P. M. IN PACIFIC GROVE METHODIST CHURCH — FOR COMMUNITY CHEST

EASTER ORATORIO AT CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

For the last six weeks, Fenton Foster, who presented Stainer's "Crucifixion" last year, has been directing rehearsals of community singers and musicians in preparation for this year's Easter festival at the Carmel Playhouse.

"The Seven Last Words of Christ," oratorio by Theodore Dubois, will be presented next Saturday evening, April nineteenth, at eight o'clock.

Co-operation has marked every angle of the present effort, Mr. Foster stated at the final rehearsal this week. All participating have sacrificed time and effort to help make this as beautiful and fitting an Easter play as the pageant of last year.

A chorus of seventy-five and an orchestra of twenty will compose the oratorio group. The Choral section of the Carmel Women's Club, Miss Madeline Curry, Director, will open the program with Caesar Frank's "Ave Maria." Mr. Samuel L. Ethredge, baritone, is to sing Knapp's "Open The Gates of the Temple."

"Hosana" by Granier will be sung by Mrs. Arthur Kelley, soprano. Mr. Carroll G. Sandholdt, tenor, will sing Gounod's "There Is A Green Hill Far Away."

The Boy Scouts Building Fund is to benefit from the Carmel performance. Tickets will be seventy-five cents each. The oratorio will also be given in Pacific Grove on the preceding night, Friday, April eighteenth, at the Grove Methodist Church.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF THE CHESSE PUPPETS

Ralph Chesse, San Francisco artist and director of the Marionette Playhouse, will present two of his puppet productions in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on April twenty-sixth, with afternoon and evening performances of the same program.

It has been said that an artist with a puppet stage can accomplish with much greater ease and smaller expense settings that rival a full-size production. Ralph Chesse designs, makes, paints and lights his sets, carves and costumes the little wooden characters and plays most of the parts himself. He is an expert manipulator, accomplished in the art of transferring feeling to the figures and achieving the synchronization of voice and movement that make the puppets seem almost human.

"The Moor's Legacy" and "The Pie and the Tart" are the puppet plays to be given.

DR. KOCHER RETURNS FROM THE EAST

Concluding a three weeks tour of Eastern medical centers, which took him to Chicago, Montreal, Toronto and Boston, Doctor R. A. Kocher returned to Carmel Tuesday.

At the University of Chicago he attended a congress of the Federated Societies of Experimental Biology and Medicine, at which were present over a thousand physicians from all parts of the United States and Canada. Three hundred and twenty scientific papers, representing original research work in the basic medical sciences, were read during the meeting.

Although no exceptionally startling scientific discoveries were disclosed, at least in the field of chemistry, the assembled physicians considered a paper by Doctor Dandy, neurological surgeon of John Hopkins, as giving an entirely new aspect upon the localization of brain function.

"Broca's area" in the left hemisphere of the brain is the real seat of the intellect, according to Doctor Dandy, a conclusion arrived at as a result of years of

operation upon the brain for tumors. The two front lobes of the brain may be successfully removed, the surgeon stated, without affecting the reason of the patient, likewise the two posterior lobes. This has been done in cases, the patient recovering without noticeable impairment of intelligence.


"Broca's area" appears to be the center of speech, word and memory association. Loss of reason follows any injury to the section. Doctor Dandy's research pointed to it as the most sensitive and important part of man's mental equipment. His paper, delivered by request, is creating comment among and proving of service to surgeons all over the world.

Doctor Kocher visited the Bureau of Standards, as well as the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory, Boston, to further his study of the basic science of nutrition. Additions to the staff of the new clinic, secured on this trip, will be announced in the near future.

FOREST HILL SCHOOL

Mrs. Minna Steel Harper announces that Forest Hill School will close this week for the Easter holidays, re-opening on April twenty-first.

OPEN 10 TO 5



THE CARMEL ART GALLERY

EXHIBITIONS OF THE PAINTINGS OF LOCAL ARTISTS

IN THE COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

**DENNY
WATROUS**

GALLERY

DOLORES STREET OPPOSITE POST OFFICE CARMEL

SPECIAL EXHIBIT OF EMBROIDERIES

DAILY 10 TO 5

BY EMMA WALDVOGEL

ALSO—

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FLOWER STUDIES

BY IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM

APRIL 26: RALPH CHESSE PUPPETS, "THE PIE AND THE TART"

MAY 3: OPERALOGUE: "JONNY SPIELT AUF," BY KRENEK.

RUDOLPHINE RADIL, JOHN TEEL, MARGARET TILLY

MAY 10: LECTURE, R. M. SCHINDLER, ARCHITECT. WITH EXHIBIT

MAY 17: RECITAL, ROBERT POLLAK, VIOLINIST

MAY 24: LAJOS SHUK, HUNGARIAN 'CELLIST.

JUNE 7: RECITAL, WINIFRED HOOKE, PIANIST

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ICE CREAM

SOFT DRINKS

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PHONE 390

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Hollyhocks—Dianthus mixed colors, same price.

G. P. ANDERSON,
Chualar, Calif.

McCROSSENS GO TO SANTE FE

Preston and Helen McCrossen, who own the colorful Indian Craft Shop in Monterey, now go to Sante Fe at the request of the Spanish Colonial Arts Society.

The McCrossens, because of their knowledge of beaten silver, pottery and Indian hand-work of all sorts—as well as human understanding and sympathy with the people they must work among—have been asked to aid in reviving native crafts and original industries among the Spanish, Indian and Mexican population of New Mexico.

The Spanish Colonial Arts Society, sponsored by Mary Austin and Frank Applegate, seeks to awaken interest that will result in creative effort of types now languishing—punched tin work, beaten silver, wood carving, weaving and other native arts. In other words, the society is trying to revive a creative spirit, tragically dying. Civilization has stultified the natural art and labor of races that cannot live—really live—without color and imaginative accomplishment.

Such an effort is more than creditable. It humanly a most valuable movement. Until we restore human and spiritual values to races we have numbed, we will have little chance to restore them to ourselves.

Our American commercialism has taken the tools, the imagination, and means of worth-while livelihood from Indian and peon alike. A peon can be an itinerant laborer or get work on a section gang. But a peon is a man. And to be a man—having nothing more to look forward to in life than that—makes being alive unendurable slavery. An Indian cannot follow civilization's wagon, pull it, or ride in it—and remain what he was born—an Indian. So this attempt to awaken and encourage the creativeness of these people is a vital effort to restore the fire of life to them.

The McCrossens will leave early in May to take up field work, and may later establish in Sante Fe a shop along the lines of their Monterey establishment.

EXAMPLES OF WESTON'S ART FOR THE ORIENT

Once the West was tremendously interested in Oriental abstraction and symbolism. That interest has waned. Now the Orient is showing a keen desire to know more about modern Western art. In order that Japan and China may see at first hand the freest interpretations by Western moderns, Marga Hilbert of San Francisco sails soon with work by

THE CARMELITE, APRIL 17, 1930

Henrietta Shore, John Langley Howard, Edward Weston and "The Blue Four." Edward Weston is sending one portrait and eleven abstract prints.

At the same time, a showing of Edward Weston's work will take place at Houston, Texas. He is now exhibiting in Munich and at the St. Louis Public Library.

EAST INDIAN FABRICS AT THE FRASER LOOMS

It is particularly appropriate that here in Carmel, where hand work and respect for fine craftsmanship are still alive, a machine designed by William Morris in his struggle to revive hand weaving and kindred arts in England should be carrying on the effort to make workmanship an art.

The hand loom operated by Mrs. Alfred Parker Fraser and Mrs. A. Palmer in the Fraser Looms, Seven Arts building, was designed by William Morris. A perfectly proportioned tool, the loom turns out fabrics which are noted for a fine feeling of craftsmanship and design. Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Palmer both feel that an understanding of the craft must be intuitive, not acquired.

In reply to the question, "How long does it take to learn to weave?" Mrs. Fraser said that two years might suffice—

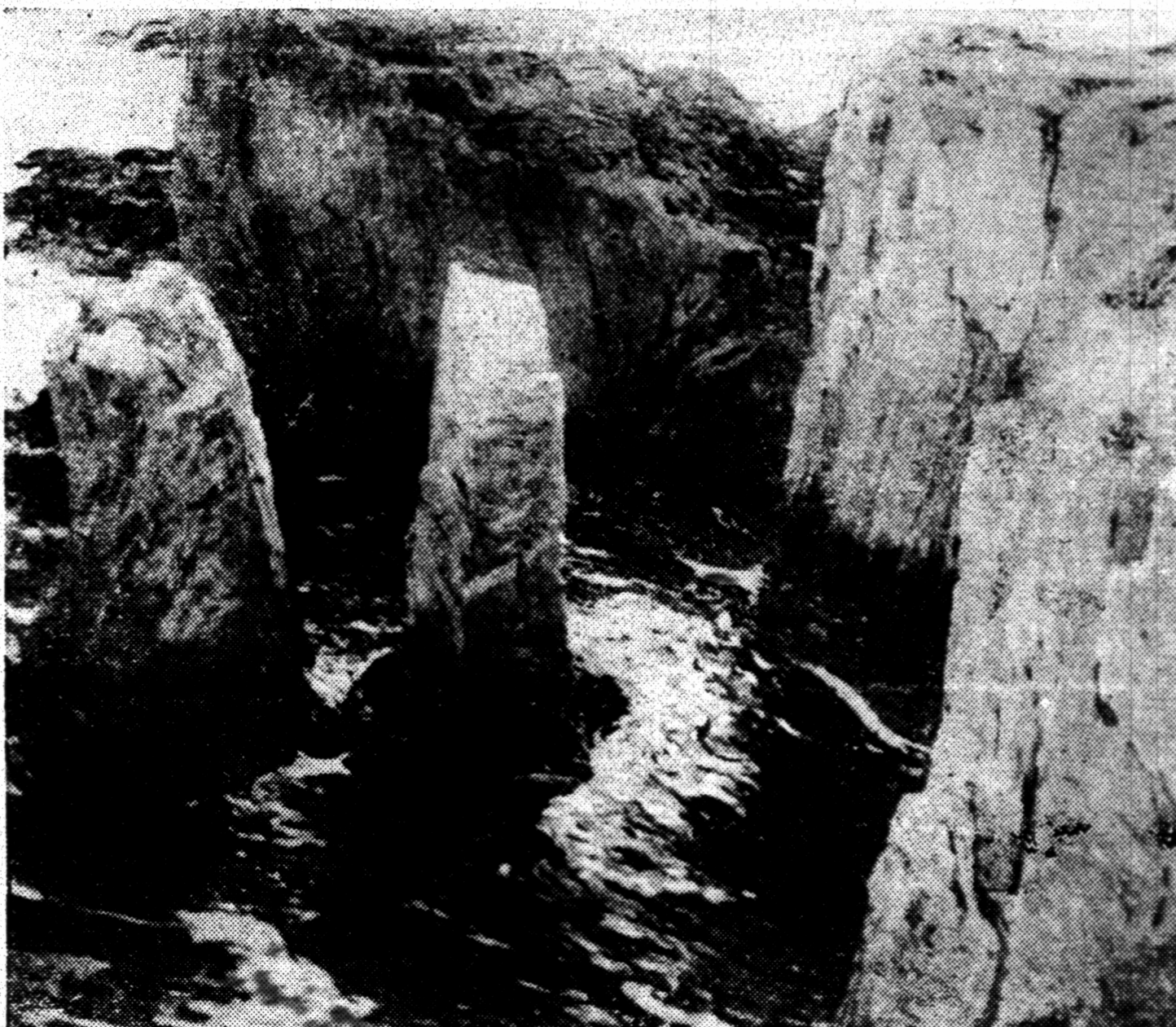
... "if one had a feeling for genuine handicraft; otherwise, fifteen years might be spent fruitlessly. One must instinctively know fine cloth and have a natural understanding of design and color. Much more work goes into the designing of fine weaving than into the cloth once it reaches the loom."

Along with its own products, the Fraser Looms handle French and Italian peasant weaving. As an interesting evidence of Ghandi's passive revolt in India the shop is now carrying Indian hand-woven cloth, made in defiance of the Manchester mills. Mrs. Fraser has sympathy for any struggle to produce hand-work of excellence. She feels that this East Indian weaving, done on hand-loom of a kind in vogue before the arrival of the British, and colored with home-made vegetable dyes, is giving the humble masses in India a chance for real creative work.

Her shop, with its atmosphere of excellent craftsmanship based on understanding, is well worth a visit, if for nothing more than to acquaint oneself again with the ideal of worth-while effort. Here that ideal, so vital to Carmel, is realized.

MAMMOTH C O V E

From the painting by
WILLIAM
RITSCHHEL



courtesy Oakland Tribune

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM, PHOTOGRAPHER

By EDWARD WESTON

In early 1926, fresh returned from Mexico, I went to an international exhibit of "pictorial photography" in the Los Angeles Museum. From past experience I did not expect much, but hoped to find work for discussion with Brett, then fourteen,—his first viewing of a Salon of Photography.

Well, Brett can laugh, and we soon became hilarious over prints not made for such response.

A mother and child—functioning—title, "Maternal Nourishment"; a tree in a haze—title, "But Only God Can Make a Tree"; a coy nude—just turned enough to be in good taste—title, "Bashful Model"; a factory in a fog—title, "Sorrow of Soul in Toil." I quote from memory of this and other salons, but close enough to give the feeling.

Suddenly we stopped short,—here was something!—"Glacial Lily,"—and then—who made it? Imogen Cunningham. This print and several by Japanese workers were the only arresting ones in several rooms full of monotonous repetitions.

Imogen Cunningham has gone on: she has not said her last word. One need

not know her to say this. There is not a stagnant note in the present exhibit at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

She uses her medium, photography, with honesty,—no tricks, no evasion: a clean cut presentation of the thing itself, the life of whatever is seen through her lens,—that life within the obvious external form.

With unmistakable joy in her work, with the unclouded eyes of a real photographer, knowing what can, and cannot, be done with her medium, she never resorts to technical stunts, nor labels herself a would-be third-rate painter.

Imogen Cunningham is a photographer! A rarely fine one.

GIVING WINGS TO WORDS

Lieutenant-Colonel Clair Foster, amateur radio expert noted for the excellence of his receiving station here, has been performing an interesting service for American soldiers and sailors in far Pacific ports.

Colonel Foster has been receiving and transmitting, free of charge, messages from United States soldiers and officers in the Philippines and China to their relatives and friends at home. In emergency cases he has saved cable expenses for soldiers unable to bear the expense

of trans-Pacific communication. Over four hundred such messages were transmitted by Colonel Foster last month. He is performing a service that cannot but be appreciated, one that takes a heavy toll of his time, and deserves credit for thoughtfulness and generosity.

OLD HOUSES PASSING

Nothing contributes quite so much to the charm of down-town Carmel as the old houses, caught in the new growth of the city.

The new buildings have come along far enough so that they have encroached upon and done away with many of the homes that were in the business district—but enough remain so that an appearance is given of years of growth.

There is a hesitant attitude about these old houses. In a few months, a few years, they will perhaps have passed. Somehow, one wishes that they might be preserved. As it is, they seem uneasy, distrustful, waiting to be moved.

There are some on Lincoln street, on Dolores and San Carlos. They add a great deal to the color and variety of Carmel. Without them we would be, and doubtless will be, nearer rather than farther from the stereotyped city we all wish to avoid.

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J. A. COUGHLIN Editor and Publisher
ERNEST LYONS Associate Editor

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

DOROTHY Q. BASSETT	AUGUST C. MAHR
RICHARD BUHLIG	ANNE MARTIN
JOAN A. BURKE	ANNE NASH
HENRY COWELL	LINCOLN STEFFENS
DENE DENNY	HAZEL WATROUS
ADOLF GENTHE	ELLA WINTER
DORA HAGEMEYER	EDWARD WESTON

STANLEY WOOD

The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

Correspondence . . .

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

To the Editor of
THE CARMELITE:

"I have been reading each issue of The Carmelite Junior since its inception with supreme enjoyment. Honestly now, does young Joe Schoeninger get that page up all alone or does old Joe Coughlin do some of the work? Anyway, it's a page that all the mature minds could get many a smile out of. It's a "peach."

FRANK SHERIDAN

**This letter, in the ordinary routine, was referred to the Editor of The Carmelite Junior, and it is understood that he is replying in his current issue.

THE CARMELITE HAS SECURED LARGER AND MORE SUITABLE QUARTERS IN THE BURNHAM BUILDING ON DOLORES STREET, BETWEEN SEVENTH & EIGHTH, AND WILL OCCUPY THE NEW PREMISES ON SATURDAY, APRIL NINETEENTH. THE TELEPHONE NUMBER (717) WILL REMAIN UNCHANGED.

ECHOES OF THE ELECTION

MR. HERBERT HERON :

"Thinking it over, I have decided that I owe my election to the artists, who thought I was a business man and to the business men, who thought I must be an artist.

"I submitted this explanation to an officer of the gloriously successful fire department, who seriously told me that I was elected because people had confidence in me.

"That touched me very deeply.

"I hope their confidence was not misplaced and that I shall do nothing to make those who voted for me regret it, while on the other hand I hope to do everything possible to carry out their will."

MISS CLARA N. KELLOGG :

"To go through an election in which one is personally involved is an interesting experience. I was glad to have the experience and naturally pleased to be successful.

"How the candidates feel, however, is not so important as what they will do in office. Apparently the five members of the new Council are at one in their desire to keep Carmel beautiful and individual. This should make for harmony and to that I hope we shall add efficiency and economy of administration."

MR. JOHN B. JORDAN :

"Being elected on the Board of Trustees of Carmel is quite a serious thing to contemplate. I think that Mr. Kibbler is the only man besides myself who has been re-elected to the Board; and Mr. Gottfried is the only person I know of who has retired full of praise from everyone; and he was only on two years.

"I have worked very hard the four years I have been on, and have tried to carry out the ideals that seemed to be desired by the most interested citizens of the city. I am going back with the kindest feeling toward everyone in Carmel, and am perfectly friendly and congenial with the new members and the general make-up of the Board and look forward to a good spirit of co-operation."

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MR. JOHN CATLIN :

"It was a fine election. The excitement of it, while towards the end I was seven or eight votes ahead of Jordan, gave me an immense thrill. I congratulate the elected councilwoman and councilmen, and the city for having elected a majority of their council by a good clean majority of all the votes cast in an election where practically the whole of the voting population of Carmel turned out. I am very much pleased by the fact that I, myself, polled a clean majority of all the votes cast.

"I wouldn't have run unless I had wanted very much to be elected, and am a little disappointed that I wasn't."

FIRE CHIEF LEIDIG :

"In behalf of the members of the Fire Department, I wish to express our appreciation to the voters for their support for the fire bonds.

"We are especially grateful for the help of Mr. Coughlin of The Carmelite, Mr. Newberry of the "Pine Cone," and Mr. Griffin of the "Monterey Peninsula Herald" and to Mr. Hardy of the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

"We are indebted to Mr. Jordan and Mr. Newell for the use of their their automobiles to bring voters to the polls.

"It is certainly gratifying that such a large majority of my fellow citizens are sold on the idea of fire safety for our city and I trust that we shall be always so careful with all things which may cause a fire that we shall have use for our new pumper only for drills and parades."

SIGNS OF SPRING

The lupines are blooming and many other varieties of wild flowers are now making their appearance on the Peninsula.

It is an unusual year for poppies, while Carmel Valley, brodias, Johnny-Jump-ups, and shooting stars may be seen in profusion. It is interesting to note that oak trees on the Peninsula are putting forth a rapid, strong, new growth, due to heavy peneffrating rains.

RAFFLE

A tousled-haired youngster poked his head in at the fire station as the count on Monday's vote was nearing completion:

"Say, mister, who won the new fire injun?"

Let's See Now

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Young, Rolph, Fitts. That's a choice to test our characters, yours and mine. Unless some political issue intervenes, or a Democrat, we, the people, will be able, by watching ourselves and our votes, to find out what kind of folks we are.

The daughter of Mark Hanna, Mrs. Medill McCormick, has a good deal of her father in her, and it is coming out. Ann Morgan is the child of J. P. Morgan, Senior, but it never had a chance. Only her personal friends know her power. The sons of great business men often make it look as if only their money were inherited. The daughters suggest the contrary.

Those who know Illinois politics hereabouts have been guessing that ex-Senator J. Ham Lewis may be sent to the Senate by Mrs. McCormick's activity. His Democratic following helped her to beat Deneen.

Is there anything in this observation: that the goodness of women in politics is less durable than that of man? Both men and women become practical, but the women are more so than men, I think. Men become "bad"; and women are ruined by the business-political game. No wish-thought, this; I was a feminist when I was a reformer, expecting something, not better, but different from women—and their It, their instinct.

Some flowering humans around here had been discussing their instinct which they call It, as a safe guide to conduct, when one of them met a florist. He quite unaware, got to talking about the tragedy of the plants which have come here from elsewhere and as strangers to the climate suffer unto death because their It cannot tell them for sure when it is spring. They have to guess whether the budding time is in the spring, or was in the fall. It was pretty plain to the florist that plants don't know any more than we do and that not the most fit, but the best guessers, survive; which may explain why our thinkers about instinct came to exist; why so many survivors of our species are not so wise.

A gardener, told to come and do some work, after the last rain this year, agreed, started to go away, hesitated,

walked on and half a block away turned, shook his head and grinned.

"Santa Barbara architecture" is a term of reproach or condemnation frequently heard in Carmel. Anybody can say that now and many visitors do. But ask why and see what you get. You will get what an architect got who was here last week looking for "Carmel architecture" and asking what it is or will or should be. He may have got something before he left to write his piece, but the last I heard, he had nothing. We still know, apparently, what we don't want, not what we do want, in all things.

Why our critics call Carmel high-brow is beyond the intelligence of high-brows.

"Things as they are are more beautiful than the mind of man can possibly imagine them," said a smiling voice, and another, unsmiling, answered:

"A guide to new fields for poets would be to look into what is called ugly for beauty."

"Yes, and even if the poet does not find and show it, beauty is still there," said the smiling one.

"We are talking religion," was the closing answer.

"This winter has been a redwood year," said Prof. MacDougal. "Not a pine year. The redwoods have thrived, the pines have not."

Gandhi walks and is not arrested. His sons got gaol, his followers, but not the prophet. The British get some violence back from the disciples; nothing but gentle disobedience from Gandhi, who sees. Wonder if he ever smiles. What a chance he is for a reporter like Terry, Lyons, Peggy Palmer or Joe Schoeninger!

And, by the way, Frank Sheridan wants to know if Joe Schoeninger really "does" his page all by himself, he and his associate editor. He does, but it's no wonder Sheridan wonders. He may wonder more as the younger generation finds its nerve.

Two Poems by Helen Hoyt . . .

DUST

Flame leaps and flame lapses,
Wave-drowned is wave-lifted;—
The flame-born sinks back into flame,
The flame (into fire; fire) dissolving in fire;
Into embers of fire, into ash;
Into powder of ash, into dust;
Into blown dust, bodiless, lost on the wind.

THE LAST FLARE

Let no more breath blow on the flame,
Let the brands be extinguished of all flicker of life,
Let the eyes of the fire darken, the cavern darken to black,
Let our eyes and hands be extinguished,
The refulgence of love go out,
Dusk and die into sleep.

The brands of love are burned down in their own brightness,
The torch is quenched in the earth,
The flame, flame-drenched, expires;
The river flows into the sea;
The red flowing of the molten wound
Is staunch in the final ravine;
The last flare fades out, the sparks darken to night.

POET ON A TOWER

In the current "Survey-Graphic," Pauline G. Schindler reviews Robinson Jeffers' "Dear Judas":

The poet stands in his tower upon the Californian sea-edge, looking out toward the sea. His tower is of stone which he himself lifted piece upon piece from the nearby shore, laboring with the heavy masses of granite. It turns away from the land—from the land, from the little town, and from humankind. Poet and tower turn from the trivial, face only the elements—the sea, beating upon the granite; the winds shredding the little hopeful tree-shoots; the wheeling stars. This man in his solitude endures the passion of contemplation as though he would pierce through to very reality himself. He is a bronze mystery; the lone hawk; the Adam of Michael Angelo touching the finger of God.

"Dear Judas," the new volume by Robinson Jeffers, does not deal with subjects of sexual tragedy as did "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion." But dramatic horror pervades the work, tempered on the one hand by an immense compassion; on the other by a sublime detachment. The title poem presents a new interpretation of the personalities of Jesus and Iscariot. The Loving Shepherdess, a longer poem, a tale of the California coast, surpasses in quality of feeling and in the superb simplicity of its utterance, anything that has before come from the pen of Jeffers.

In the shorter poems Jeffers looks upon the life of human beings and finds its cruelty almost beyond enduring:

*the hopeless prostration of the earth
Under men's hand and their minds,
The beautiful places killed like rabbits
to make a city,*

*The spreading fungus, the slime-threads
And spores; my coast's obscene future*

Then he changes the focus of his vision, takes on an immense and cosmic perspective, sees man as a trivial, inquisitive animal amusing himself unimportantly, whose duration upon the earth is a spectral episode among the millennia.

The eventual reality, the dark glory, remains. While the descendant of the ape plays with himself and his toys, love and the arts, the mind of the poet, the creator, in its solitude intensely listening, sensitizes itself to the greater, richer awareness, pierces through to the realities awaiting recognition, breaks through the surface of life to the core.

A WHALE OF A SIGHT

J. R. Crotten, Carmel painter, came into The Carmelite office last week with one of the most unusual stories of the year. Mr. Crotten reported that he sighted a tremendous whale by moonlight off Cypress Point, Pebble Beach, last Thursday night. He stated that the leviathan was cruising about quite near the rocky coast, blowing at regular intervals, and spoke of the weird effect of its great black body offshore.

"I noticed it first from the road," Mr. Crotten said, "and stopped my car. Climbing out on the finger or rock where the lone cypress stands, I watched the whale blow and cruise about for perhaps a quarter of an hour. It was larger than the ordinary 'black-fish' of these waters, and seemed to be a 'hump-back,' although that species is fast disappearing.

"Great white puffs of spray rose in the moonlight. A square black head and queerly humped back showed regularly as the creature roamed northward along the coast-line.

"Most awe-inspiring of all, however," he finished, "was my last sight of the great mammal. Seeming to me barely a thousand yards offshore, the tremendous bulk of the whale rose in the air. Half of its body was out of water, when it sounded—like a huge liner sinking. It was a sight I'll never forget."



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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week)

This bust hit me harder than any other strand I had been in. To me it was pathetic. Not for myself, but as to Rankin.

McKee Rankin was one of the great figures of the stage in his day. His was a name to conjure with. A man who had made millions—and lost them. A man who was Big in everything—as actor, playwright, director, manager and theatre builder. Even today his "Macbeth" stands apart from all. His "Bill Sykes" was on a par with that other great actor, James A. Herne. His "Schwartz" in "Magda" was a creation that the critics of this country, Australia and England stamped as tremendous. And here he was in 1894, busted; could not even pay his hotel bill.

But he never lost his jovial spirit. His clothes were a bit shabby, but his courage was strong and healthy. It was that courage which brought him to world triumphs later—in one section of which I entered for awhile. Of that I will speak later.

While I was resting in "K. C." I met many who were interested in theatricals, and among them was one who looked like the makings of an "angel."

The McKee Rankin Company had to get out of town. I got the prospective "angel"; talked strongly to him. He was interested, AND HE HAD FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

By the time I had filled him with the glory and joy of seeing his name in print as the manager of one of America's great actors, he was ripe fruit ready to be picked. With due dignity, I led him into the presence of the High Priest of Thespis, and once under the influence of Mac's wheedling ways, he signed on the line.

We booked Topeka for a week in repertory, to open the following Monday—rehearsed two new plays, and arrived there Sunday. We studied, rehearsed and put on six plays in a week and a half for we added two new principal actors to replace two who had money enough to go back to New York when the company closed. The new ones were broke in "K. C."

That week was some study.

We made a little money in Topeka, then

did a couple of week stands on the Crawford circuit, and the "angel" bowed out. We were stranded again.

Rankin had been talking with a theatre manager in Denver about leasing the Lyceum Theatre there. He intrigued a man in Horton, Kansas, into financing the fares to Denver. The landlord was glaring hard at us as we were two days overdue, when Rankin entered with: "Pack up, boys, we leave for Denver tonight." The man from Horton was the next man to see his name in print as manager.

We laid off a couple of weeks and opened to enough on the week to pay hotel bills. Some business for a couple more weeks.

Our company was strengthened by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew. What a pair of actors those two were. Mrs. Drew was Rankin's daughter and as great as comedienne as her husband was a comedian—and he had no peer in eccentric comedy.

I have not said anything about the company before—their acting, I mean. Our leading woman was a tall slip of a girl, beautiful, about eighteen, perhaps a bit younger. She was a little crude in some things, but had that within that made you forget everything but her when she was on the stage in dramatic scenes. It was a joy to play opposite her. How that girl could act. I felt then if she ever got a crack at Broadway she would "stand them on their heads"—which is theatre for big success.

Later she played New York, she played London, she played around the world—and she was acclaimed everywhere as great.

That youngster was Nance O'Neil.

At three different periods I've played opposite her and consider that she and Blanch Walsh were the greatest dramatic actors with whom I ever played.

Nance O'Neil's season of matinees only—in Boston—stands as unprecedented in theatre history.

She had played a regular two-week stand at the Columbia Theatre with a first week of starvation business, but the second week to profit. Arrangements were made for Rankin (he was managing now and acted seldom) to go to the Tremont Theatre for matinees.

I had been with "Ulysses," a Frohman show, but the depression after the Iriquois Theatre fire closed us. I joined O'Neil in January and played till summer.

* * *

One of the actor's classic stories had its

origin in that engagement. Along in the latter part of May, a regular two weeks was made for her at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston. First week was to be "Macbeth." I played "Banquo"; the late Frank Keenan was "Macbeth. I enter at the opening of act two, play a short scene with my son, hear a noise off left and cry: "Who's there? Enter Macbeth."

On the opening night, the theatre packed to the doors, I spoke the lines—but no "Macbeth" showed up. I repeated and walked to the wings and hissed "Get Keenan" to a stagehand. He passed the word and I returned to the center and started to fake lines. I had "Macbeth" "looking into the water of the moat"—"stalking abroad with furrowed brow." I had him doing everything except make an entrance. I was doing good work; I was holding the audience. But where in hades was Keenan? I couldn't go on much longer. One last digging into memory for suitable lines, and I threw them fiercely at that loafer, "Macbeth," as supposedly he wandered in the moonlight offstage left—when I heard a voice *in back of me* say: "Ah, good Banquo, 'tis a friend." I turned like a flash; and there was Keenan. He had entered from the right—the nearest to his dressing—while I, during the wait, mind you, had been describing him as being on the other side of the stage. There wasn't a murmur from the audience, and we went into the regular scene. It seems that the call boy had forgotten to call the act, and that the hurry-up call had found Keenan making a change of wardrobe. No one but an actor can even imagine the torture I went through trying to cover up the wait.

A few days afterward I met Charlie Howard, dramatic critic of the Boston "Globe," who greeted me with, "Frank, I didn't know you were faking Monday night until you commenced to quote from 'Julius Caesar'."

* * *

I have seen quite a few "Lady Macbeth's"; I have played with three; but never have I seen anyone who could begin to compare in that part with the young girl I played opposite in those lean, hungry days in Kansas and Colorado—Nance O'Neil.

(To be continued)

BOTKE EXHIBIT IN NEW YORK

Paintings by Jessie Arms Botke, once of Carmel, were shown in the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York on April twelfth. Several of the paintings recently exhibited in the Paul Elder gallery were included in the New York showing.

THE HAMMERKLAVIER SONATA

by RICHARD BUHLIG

(On two occasions Richard Buhlig has played the Hammerklavier Sonata for Carmel audiences. At the request of The Carmelite he has now written the story of Beethoven's monumental work. Richard Buhlig is known to Carmel as a pianist of the first rank. He is here revealed as equally facile with the pen.)

The chronology of Beethoven's music is at all times difficult to determine, owing to his simultaneous occupation with several works, and the opus numbers by which we know these works generally indicate nothing more than the order of their publication. This circumstance is at no time more evident than during the last period of Beethoven's life. Thus, to keep within the province of his works for the piano-forte, the sonata opus 101 is composed a year later than the 2 Sonatas for piano and cello, which are published as opus 102, the Sonatas, 109, 110, 111 follow immediately upon the 106, which is the Hammerklavier, and the Diabelli Variations, a work ranking in importance with the last Sonatas are published as opus 120 although written in 1823, the year following the last piano Sonata, the opus 111. More misleading still is the numbering of the Sonata opus 90 which was composed in 1814, immediately preceeding the two cello Sonatas already mentioned which were published as opus 102.

Close study will, however, disclose an inner evidence of the periods to which Beethoven's work must be assigned. Consideration of musical substance, of style, of structure, of musical grammar and syntax, of dynamics, justify the division of Beethoven's creation into three periods, if such division be not too dogmatically made. For although the growth of this man through the thirty years of his creative life is perhaps without parallel in the whole range of art—the span from his beginning in 1795 to that ultimate aspect of music in the last quartettes in 1825—still there is continuity as in any organic and living thing, and elements which were to be eternalized in the timeless perfection of musical form in those last quartettes, are already perceived as forces struggling into being in some of the earlier works.

The middle period, foreshadowed from

opus 26 onward—it is significant that each step in his growth is first manifested in his works for the piano, the instrument most native to him—finds its earliest complete expression in the Sonatas opus 31. This is the period which is to produce the Symphonies from the "Eroica" to the 8th, the Rasumovsky quartettes, the 4th and 5th piano-concertos, the violin concerto, Fidelio, the Appassionata. He is now the Lord of the Sonata, the Symphonic form, fashioning it into a thing not to be surmised in the Sonatas, the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. In his hands it is an instrument as of steel, a sword of rebellion, of conquest, of orgiastic laceration. (Oh that Dionysian dance with which at the end Appassionata plunges into the abyss!) The naked genius of a man single-handed against the marshalled forces of the world. Bettina von Arnim, who sees him in 1809—it is the time of the metallic splendor of the E flat concerto—who hears him conduct, writes to Goethe: "No king, no emperor is as he is. Oh Goethe, I forgot even you." And in 1814, at the Congress of Vienna, crowned heads pay their tribute to the majesty of the Man. At this time he is at the height of his outward triumph—of his triumph and defiance. He is Zeus and Prometheus at once.

But his defiance demands that he abdicate. Turning, he finds himself upon the threshold of his darkest years—arid years, in which he creates very little—years spent in sordid litigations concerning money, in legal proceedings relating to the custody of his nephew. His utter unreasonableness, his blind injustice toward the boy's mother, indicate the pass to which he has come. Add to all of this his deafness which is becoming complete, confirming his misanthropy. Everything is isolating him from the world of men, his condition and his attitude alike. The year 1815 produces the Sonata opus 101, a harbinger of his third period. But it is a false dawn. For then, except for the Song cycle "An die ferne Geliebte"—a poignant indication of his condition, that these poems of an unattainable happiness should have moved him to song—except for this one work of 1816, there is now silence. He is a man lost in the shadows, "dying into Life."

In 1818 the travail of creation begins again and the Hammerklavier Sonata

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is born. But is this re-birth? The violence, the conflict of the earlier time—is it not still there? It is, for this was the man, the man who never changed—the man, who, endlessly unfolding, yet remained immutably himself. And thus the form remains the same, but with what new and hitherto undreamed of realization—a new mastery, a new command. Yes, the strife has not abated—it never will until the death struggle ends it—but the new mastery evidences a new knowledge in the man. It is no longer the combat with an external destiny. All is now within, and the man perceives, he understands that he himself, his genius is his destiny—the antagonist is his own self and not the enemy forces of the world. This is not a literary assumption. It is woven into the very musical fabric—a new concentration of the musical substance into itself, which distinguishes the first movement of the Hammerklavier Sonata from, let us say, the opening movement of the Fifth Symphony. A new relationship is perceived which is manifest in the new implications of his musical material. This incipient perception is the beginning of the ascent through the last Sonatas, the Missa Solemnis and the Ninth Symphony to the last quartettes—those last quartettes where sound becomes symbol, as in the Paradise of Dante the utterance of those who look upon God is a radiation of Light.

The Hammerklavier Sonata is the matrix of this last period. Everything which is yet to be is potentially here: the disembodied floating quality of the introduction to the fugue—Busoni saw in this an indication of some remote future of music—the static radiance, beyond all becoming, of the Adagio, musically, a prophecy of the melodic developments of the next hundred years,—the terrific concentration of energy in the structure of the first movement, hard as granite, simple as necessity. All these things, while having their source in the earlier work, are transmuted, *trans-humanized*, step by step, from now onward as the steep ascent is made. For it must still be made. What is seen must still be achieved. The indication of this is in the fugue—that fugue which has made most listeners and performers despair of the whole work—an enigma—swirling chaos. What does it mean? Nothing, evidently beyond its intrinsic musical meaning. It is not programme-music.

There is, however, a new attitude toward the fugue, and Beethoven's frequent use of the fugal form in his later works is significant. The fugue is the fine flower of the polyphonic style, the

style which culminated in John Sebastian Bach and turn quickly declined after his death. The new attitude toward music is nowhere more clearly expressed than in Beethoven's relationship to the fugue as a musical form. In his middle period he uses it only in rare instances, once in the pianoforte Variations on the Eroica theme, and again in one of the Rasumovsky quartettes; but here, as there, one feels it to be nothing more than a sop to the Cerberus of academic tradition. He chafed against the discipline of writing fugues in his apprentice-years and is reported to have said that the writing of fugues was kin to the construction of skeletons. Later in life he states that the justification for the fugue would be the entry into its composition of a new, a poetical element. A poetical element—the fugue as a means for expression of an extra-musical content. Are we here not worlds removed from the *object-character* of the fugue in the polyphonic period? This removal is apparent in the structure, the purely musical quality of the fugues which Beethoven is now to incorporate into several of his works. They are fugues harmonically, not polyphonically, conceived, and this in spite of their employment of all the intricacies and ingenuities of fugal writing.

Beethoven introduces the fugue into three of the last Sonatas, the 101, 106 and 110, and always in the final part of the work. What does he aim at, what does he achieve which the Finale-form, hitherto used, cannot give him? Is it not that with this form he attains a synthesis of the work, a closer welding of the parts into a whole? And does not the fugue as such, by this very circumstance reveal its essentially objective character, a character not to be defeated even by him who was the most subjective of musicians? By means of the fugue in these works Beethoven achieves a greater unity, and approximates an impersonal character of the whole, of which the parts are personal to excess. Viewed in this light the Hammerklavier Sonata takes on a new meaning; its position in the body of Beethoven's work is determined. It is the matrix of the last period, the last stage of the struggle, the final travail of re-birth into a new life, a new music. This and what is now to come is indeed "New Music."

After the beatific vision of the Hammerklavier Adagio the work descends into the chaos of the Fugue. This chaos is Beethoven himself. He cannot yield. It must be formed. There is a moment in the fugue when precipitating itself to destruction a halt is called. Silence. And then the Fughetta—D major-pianissimo

—a dream-fugue of twenty-nine bars within the Fugue. Now the theme of this Fughetta combines with the larger one. It is a device often used. But with what new implications here! This is the "new element, the poetical idea!"

The two themes combine, but only for a moment. The first soon regains mastery and discards the second. But it is mastery now. In the last pages of the fugue there is a new clarity, a new power and concentration. Chaos is formed into Cosmos. Out of this giant travail new stars are born—the constellation of the three last Sonatas. A new Heaven and a new Earth.

Liberated into a new life, a new expression, Beethoven is now working on the Missa Solemnis and the Ninth Symphony is taking shape. But the last three Sonatas are the immediate outcome of the Armageddon of the Hammerklavier fugue: the luminous 109, the affirmation of the 110, and then the 111—the starry crown of all his pianoforte works,

which mounts in the Arietta to a radiance without colour, almost without sound—beyond Music.

All of this is achieved by purely musical means—new implications of the material, the forms, he has always used. Form and material are the same but yet utterly removed from all that was before, as a new Heaven and a new Earth, are still the same Heaven and Earth, differently perceived. That is all. But that is everything.

WEISSHAUS IN THE EAST

Imre Weisshaus took part in the third Copland-Sessions concert at the President Theatre, New York, last Sunday. The composer-pianist is to give a recital at Carnegie Hall next Monday, in conjunction with several others who will present works by composers of Mexico, Cuba and the United States. Included in the program will be a Cowell violin solo, Rudhyar piano pieces, and a Weisshaus piano suite.

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CERTIFICATE OF FICTITIOUS NAME

This is to certify that the undersigned, Minna Steel Harper, is transacting business in Carmel, Monterey County, California, under the fictitious name of Forest Hill School; that the place of business of Forest Hill School is Carmel, Monterey County, California; that the sole owner of said business and the only person interested therein is: Minna Steel Harper, Carmel, Monterey County, California.

Executed: This 15th day of March, 1930.

MINNA STEEL HARPER
 State of California
 County of Santa Clara ss.
 On this 15th day of March, 1930, before me, Avery J. Howe, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared Minna Steel Harper, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing Certificate, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal.

AVERY J. HOWE,
 Notary Public in and for the County of Santa Clara, State of California.
 (Notarial Seal)

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR, April 17
 NUMBER 7

ENTERED AT CARMEL POST OFFICE THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR

JO SCHOENINGER *Editor*
 NORMAN BAYLEY *Associate Editor*

EDITORIAL

Dear Frank Sheridan,
 We have been reading each issue of your Strands since its inception with supreme enjoyment. Honestly now, do you get that contribution up all alone or does old John Barrymore do some of the work? Anyway, its a contribution that all childish minds would get many a smile out of. It's an apple.
 The Editors.

The code for this week is:
 D. and G. J.—Donnon and Garth Jeffers.
 P. K.—Pat Kennedy.
 D. W.—Dexter Whitcomb
 J. S.—Jo Schoeninger
 N. B.—Norman Bayley
 D. C. L.—Danny Lockwood.
 G. D.—Gordon Darling.

REFUGE

"I onder where Chinny dog is now." I say as I look for our mut. Most likely he will be in some expensive chair or couch enjoying his sleep. Why? Because nobody is home but me. Me? I dont give a whoop, but with the rest of the family its different. I look upstairs and finnally call him, but does he answer? No. I finnally find him in mother's closet which he enters with the most care for fear we will catch him. He will not come out. Then I realize what is the matter. He heard the men shooting outside and he's scared—he ont come out for a long time.
 J. S.

JACKS PEAK

One suny Sunday after noon, I went to Jacks Peak, it was a long narrow road and was none to smooth. When we got there we were pertty nearly blown off the peak it was so windy but it was a pleasant trip and it had a beautiful view.
 N. B.

EASTER EGG HUNT

The Pine Cone is giving a big Easter egg hunt for boys and girls, twelve years old or under. There is going to be sixteen thousand eggs. It is to be held on Saturday morning, April nineteenth. There will be an assortment of eggs such as: stuffed chickens, candied rabbits, chickens, large and small, also bunny-grips and suckers stuck in the ground. No one will know where it is to be held, but they will learn at the Pine Cone office on Saturday morning. They expect to have children from the entire peninsula. The prize is undecided, but it will most likely be a tennis racchet or a baseball glove or a life subscription to the Pine Cone or something in that order.
 N. B.

GENOROUS GIFT

Mrs. Foster Flint has given the primary grades of Sunset Scchool a phonograph. It was much needed and will be of very valluable and interesting assistance.
 J. S.

SPRING PLAY

On April eleventh, the first, second, and third grades of Sunset School presented a program to the upper grades. It was given in the open air and enjoyed by all. There were songs, plays and poems. The Kindergarton and first grades gave a play which was the main feature.
 G. D.



THIS IS THE WHALE
 THAT DIVED OFF PAGE TEN
 BACK THERE IN THE REGULAR
 CARMELITE

The Carmelite Junior

INTERVIEW WITH THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL

We went to the new council members to ask them:

"Do you think that the children of Carmel should have more playgrounds, and why?"

* * *

(1) MR. JORDAN—I am in favor of having a public tennis court; that is why I tried to keep my Pine Inn court open to the public. However, there was too much noise and too many complaints from the neighbors so it had to be stopped. But I am strongly in favor of giving the young people a place to play in.

* * *

(2) MISS KELLOGG—The Sunset School grounds offer plenty of room for ball games, but even if a second tennis court is added there will still be need of more courts somewhere in town. It would be desirable to have the lagoon at the mouth of the river developed into a swimming pool. And I wish the little children might have some spot left almost untouched where they might play under the native trees and shrubs. I am confident that the children of Carmel will not be overlooked by the new Council, but expensive projects should not be expected.

* * *

(3) MR. HERON—Children should always have all the play places they need, and if the hills and woods and river and beach do not give enough room, and if the playgrounds of the school are not enough, then of course more space should be provided so that the children do not have to play on the streets where there is danger from automobiles.

BOY SCOUTS

April tenth, Thursday, the Scouts came together. The meeting started by paying dues, then tests were passed. A few games were played and then a memory test was had, and all turned out successfully. Then business was discussed and Mr. Warren brought up the subject of summer camp. He said that they had a new place picked out and a good cook. He also brought up the subject of Spring camp. Every boy scout that is going must sign up by April 14, the meeting was then dismissed. N. B.

MOON SONG

There is a star that runs very fast,
That goes pulling the moon
Through the top of the poplars.
It is all in silver,
The tall star;
The moon rolls goldenly along
Mr. Moon, does he make you hurry?
Hilda Conkling.

MIRICALES OF SUNSET SCHOOL

Believe it or not, Norman Bayley
IS a scout.

Believe it or not, Sam Coblenz put
the Flag up right.

Believe it or not, Bill Durney got
his project in on time.

Believe it or not, the wild-cats
won a baseball game.

Believe it or not, William Millis
wore long pants. D. C. L.

A TRIP TO POINT SUR LIGHTHOUSE

We went down the coast to see Point Sur Lighthouse last Monday. About twenty miles down we came to a little red school house, where we turned through a gate. After we had driven about three miles, rounding a turn, we saw the Japanese freighter, on the rocks, half a mile away. It was listing slightly and near the stern a rock showed above the water. There were four tugs anchored a little way off employed in taking off the cargo of cotton. After looking through the field glasses at it, we went to the lighthouse. It is on a rock which is almost an island. The rock is several hundred feet high and is joined to the mainland by a strip of land which the ocean washes over in a storm.

Although the ship went aground only a mile away, the people at the lighthouse did not know about it, the fog was so thick. The fog came down while we were there and we heard the great siren bellowing every thirty seconds.

D. and G. J.
The Point Reporters"

LEAVING TOWN FOR SHORT VISIT

Mr. O. W. Bardarson, principle of Sunset School, has left for a visit of not more than a week for Los Angeles, where he will attend the Principles Convention. He will also try to see the Track Meet, which will be one of the worlds biggest and best. J. S.



* * *

SPRING VACATION

Miss Swain, our school-teacher, suggested that we may not have spring vacation and the school building nearly fell down, as the cause of thirty strong voices from the seventh grade. Do we welcome spring vacation? And how, we do. What shall we do first? Go to the river swimming and then play to our hearts delight. P. K.

THE EASTER BUNNY

Through the day and night, he paints away.

For he knows of the coming Easter.
But he knows that a joyous Easter
Depends upon him.

When Easter comes he hides the eggs,
In different places and watches the
smile,

On the child that finds one.

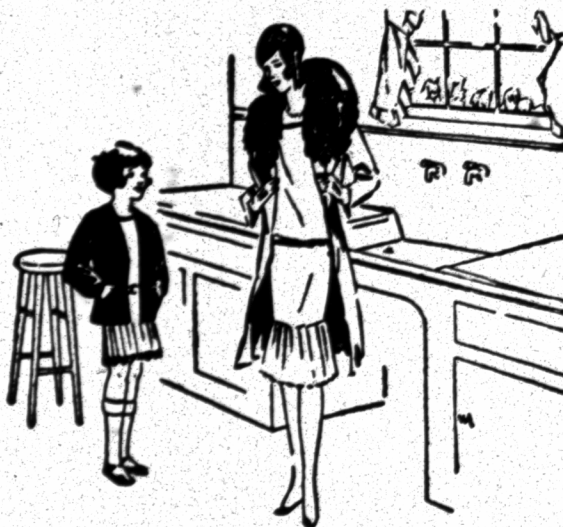
D. W.

* * *



Mother!

INSTANT hot water will shorten your housework 4 to 6 hours each week



Plenty of hot water at the turn of a faucet helps you finish the housework more quickly. You save many precious minutes in doing each task. In a week, you'll have 4 to 6 hours more time to give to the children, to go motoring or to go shopping.

Automatic Gas Water Heater Operates for Lowest Cost per Gallon.

With the automatic gas water heater, a thermostat turns the gas on and off and keeps the water hot, day and night. At any moment, one can have a basinful or a tubful of hot water. No gas is wasted keeping the water hot; the water stays hot because the boiler is insulated.

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